

SEDALIA BAZOO

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J. WEST GOODWIN,
SEDALIA, MO.

The BAZOO is the only daily paper between Jefferson City and Kansas City which is run without the aid of boodle, slush or blackmail.

Clinton is much wrought up over local option. It is probably the influence of that fine, new well on the community.

It is said that a New York woman has sold her husband for \$50,000. Husbands must be mighty scarce in New York. A fair quality of Missouri husband could be bought for fifty cents and his title of "Colonel" thrown in.

The editorial column of a newspaper which is bent on booming a town may deceive, says an exchange, the advertising columns will not. If this be true there can be no question as to Sedalia's boom, the advertising columns of the BAZOO, especially, being full and running over.

Grevy having resigned, France will now be torn by political tricksters in such a manner that she will wish that she had Grevy for breakfast, dinner and supper, for the next twenty-five years to come. The Republic is like a spoiled child, she didn't know when she had a good thing.

The advice of Bishop Tuttle to bankers to consider themselves as "trustees of modern christian civilization" when footing up columns of figures does not in all probability apply to cashiers, else he would have advised them to consider themselves trustees of modern Canadian civilization.

The W. C. T. U. ladies of St. Louis will not use the coffee and sandwich bribe in the local option campaign, neither will they peddle tickets. It might be easily conceded that in this the W. C. T. U. ladies have shown unusual wisdom. It is one thing to feed a few old bums in a village, it is another to feed a ravenous mob in a city.

Jefferson City has at last climbed out of her rut and is enjoying an unprecedented boom. The Tribune states that a "new frame is being placed under the water tank at the west end of the depot" and not satisfied with this, the Tribune wants the Price monument. A monument would have seemed a fitting thing for Jefferson city to secure, had it not have been for that new frame under the tank, but since that achievement is an assured success—well, Kansas City can now take a seat in the rear.

Wichita, Kan., is in possession of a couple of ministers who fell out about a real estate deal and since that time have been abusing each other without stint. A real estate deal is generally enough to cause an excitement in the minds of ordinary individuals, but outside of Kansas City it is considered unorthodox for ministers to allow their angry passions to rise and those of Wichita had best call a halt. Worldly people are apt to call christianity which indulges in crimination and recrimination a poor kind, and anyhow it is only journalists who are allowed to indulge in little amenities of a certain kind and the Wichita ministers are rather usurping privileges which do not belong to them.

If now and then our ministers should depart from the beaten path and lecture upon some such a subject as that which furnished Rev. J. B. Fuller his pabulum last Thursday evening, there would be no occasion for foreign lecturers of any kind. The lecture field is a particularly wide one, and the man who has the capacity to cull the flowers of thought and arrange them into garlands for the crowning of intelligent and scholarly people, has that which is a treasure

beyond compute. It is not necessary for controversial pyrotechnics to serve as a means for bringing ministers before the people outside of the pulpit, when the pulpit itself is such a foundation for all that is beautiful and enduring in the world of letters, but talks upon modern authors cannot fail to be acceptable, and as was said in the beginning, an occasional journey among them, and the relation of that journey by our ministers, would be of lasting benefit as well as pleasure. Sedalia is proud of her able and scholarly men who wear the cloth in her midst, and believes that but few cities of her size can compete with them in their attainments.

How She Brought Him to the Scratch.

Texas Siftings.
They had been engaged only fifteen years, but it seemed a long time to her, and she was growing restless.
"Darling," she said in gentle accents, "our betrothal has been very sweet, has it not?"
"It has, it has indeed my own."
"But it has been very long, don't you think?"

"Yes, it has been pretty middlin' long," he rejoined.
"I was thinking dearest," she continued, playing with his watch chain and casting down her eyes, that our betrothal is nearly old enough now to go out and work for its living. Couldn't we have it learn a trade, or get a clerkship, or put it out at interest, or do something with it so that we might realize something on it? It has been hanging about home so long, burning gas and coal, and now it is nearly full-grown. It seems like a shame to have it doing nothing so long."

"But my love—"
"And just think," she interrupted. "In six years more it will have a vote. I don't care so much about myself, (raising her eyes), but pa and ma would kick like a steer." What would you suggest?"
"We might get married."
"That's so, I never thought of that."

They are going to marry at Christmas.

He Started,

Detroit Free Press.
A rag-peddler who was driving up Gratiot avenue yesterday had reached Hastings street when his horse balked. The usual number of smart Alecks were soon on hand with their advice, and one suggestion after another was tried in vain. The horse could neither be pulled nor pushed, and as he was blocking traffic, the crowd began to grow very rapidly.

"What is it?" inquired a boy of 12, who pushed his way into the circle.
"Balky horse," answered some one.
"Where's the owner? Here, you man, can't you start this horse?"
"No he don't start."

"Wait a minute."
The lad ran up the street half a block and pulled a handful of hay out of a bale at a feed-store, and when he returned he cleared a space in front of the horse, stood off about 5 feet, and extended his hand. The horse pricked up his ears, his eyes glistened, and he at once advanced and followed the boy around the corner.

"It's according to the horse," explained the boy as the crowd cheered.
"When a hay-fed horse balks he wants fire-crackers under him; when a horse who is fed on scrap-iron and gravel-roof balks, a pinch of hay will lead him all over town."

A Poor Showing of Colonels.

Kiowa Herald.
A column and a half of last Sunday's Kansas City TIMES contained the names of only thirty colonels. Considering the fact that Kansas City is in the state of Missouri, that good old nursery of colonels, we are inclined to think that there is something wrong. The colonel industry in Kansas is still in its swaddling clothes, but for all that if the HERALD reporter couldn't manage to rake up more than thirty important and distinguished colonels in a day we should immediately label him "a drone in the hive of the craft" and fire him from the end of a No. 10 \$3 shoe.

Draws the Line on Byron.

Kiowa Herald.
As a general rule we are not in favor of bomb throwing, but the next bomb that comes to this office will surely be thrown headlong down stairs. We do not offer serious objections to their taking our tobacco or the remnants found in our dinner bucket, but we most certainly object to their taking the cream de la creme of our scanty library. They can develop as much appetite as they please for something to appease the cravings of the inner man, but we can see no just reason why they could not subdue their passions for the warblings of our two-dollar Byron.

—McClellan—Bibles.

Official Red Tape.

Courier-Journal's Washington Letter.

General Poe is stationed at Detroit. In a violent gale he saw a government vessel wrecked with all aboard. He quickly chartered a tug and sent it to rescue the men. When he sent the bill to Washington to pay for the service of the tug the account was returned as disallowed, owing to the fact "that no bids had been opened for the furnishing of a tug to rescue the drowning seamen." The dignity of an office should be as jealously guarded as its honesty. No laws are so good as those of common sense, and hair splittings are neither wise nor desired.

—McClellan—Art books.

Anxious About the Menagerie.

Texas Siftings.
"Now, Bobby," said his mother, "you are tired and sleepy. Say your prayers and jump into bed."
"Ma," remarked Bobby, as he assumed the devotional attitude, "if it wasn't for one thing I don't believe I'd say any prayers to-night."
"What is it, Bobby?"
"I wouldn't like to go to bed without asking God to take care of my rabbits."

TUNNELING THE HUDSON.

Details Explaining the Work of Excavation and Pressure of Air.

For seven years work has been progressing upon a tunnel under the Hudson river, between the Hoboken and Erie ferries, to connect New York and Jersey City. Want of funds has prevented its completion at the contemplated date, but it is constantly increasing its length, and the meeting of the sections seventy feet beneath the surface of the river is sure to be accomplished in the not very remote future. Two tunnels are in fact being constructed side by side, one of which has been extended a distance of 2,100 feet, the other 630 feet. The daily average of progress made at a heading is 3 1/2 feet. The exterior of the tunnel consists of flanged plates of boiler iron bolted together so as to form a circular tube about 24 feet in diameter. Within this iron tube is a lining of brick 2 1/2 feet thick, giving rigidity and permanence to the completed tunnel. The work is advanced at the heading by adding one by one flanged plates to those already bolted in position at the forward end. Excavating the silt that forms the bed of the Hudson, placing the plates, building the brick work, and advancing the interior tube, called the "pilot," all go on at the same time. The pilot, an iron tube 6 feet in diameter and 50 feet long, is kept about 15 feet in advance of the tunnel itself, and serves somewhat the purpose of an outwork for the advance guard for the gang of workmen engaged in digging, bolting on plates, and hauling out the excavated dirt. The pilot is advanced by detaching plates from its rear end and placing them in front as the work advances. It might be supposed that the pressure of 60 feet of water above the mouth of the tunnel would cause mud and water to enter and overwhelm the workmen. This would no doubt occur but for the system of locks employed to confine the air in the end of the tunnel when work is going on. Air is forced in, in fact, until a pressure of 32 pounds to the square inch is gained, which pressure, experience shows, suffices to balance the pressure of the river. If the pressure falls below this figure water begins to trickle through the silt into the heading; if it is exceeded the water is driven out, and the silt losing coherence, begins to crumble and fall down into the heading. Not a little air escapes, in fact, from the heading, and produces at the surface of the river, in midstream, a peculiar circular patch of white foam, due to the raising of a multitude of minute bubbles. The principle of the pneumatic lock is not unlike that of the ordinary canal lock. Two walls are built across the tunnel with a suitable space between. In these walls are large air-tight doors opening inward. When the workmen go to their work in the morning they first pass within the outer wall, and thereupon the iron door is shut behind them and air is forced in until a pressure of 32 pounds per square inch is obtained. When that pressure is reached the iron door of the inner wall is easily opened and the men pass within to the heading. The excavated material is hauled out by mules on a tramway that traverses the lock. Light is obtained from 16 candle-power incandescent electric lamps, and also from candles, which burn fiercely under the increased pressure of the air. The tunnels are evidently a difficult and costly undertaking, but in view of the great advantage for handling traffic they will give the company who owns them, it is somewhat surprising that money was not forthcoming in abundance to secure their completion years ago. To avoid the ferries and be able to land traffic of all sorts in New York without delay ought, one would think, to excite the transportation companies to make the greatest possible efforts. Perhaps there are vested interests that find profit in the existing imperfect arrangements.—Cor. Chicago Times.

STORY BOOK LADIES.

Readable Extracts From Three Popular Novels of the Day.

"Now, Miss Penhalligan," said the Squire, "I am glad I have cornered you, for I want a word. You are spoiling Mrs. Gaverock. It is very kind of you to come, but don't condole with her—it makes her worse. She wants stirring up. I know women."

"Pardon me—you do not."
"I—I not know them!" laughed the old man. "Golly! I have had sixty-five years' experience of them, and I ought to understand them."

"No, you have spent sixty-five years in their society, and you understand them less now than you did sixty-five years ago. Then you might have learned, now you are past acquiring the knowledge."

The old man stared at Loveday, amazed at her audacity.

"You think," pursued the girl, "that a woman's soul is to be tinkered with a slater's axe. It is of too fine a nature to be touched even with the thumb. When a particle of dust enters your watch and stops the hand you hold your breath as you examine the works lest a breath should rust them. A woman's heart is more delicate in its mechanism than that, and a rough touch and a rude blast will spoil it forever. You know our Cornish proverb, 'The earth is strewn with potshards.' It means that everywhere, in every village, almost in every house, are broken lives—lives broken by rough usage and careless handling. You would have used the finger-glasses for a jest and a forfeit, and heeded nothing if they fell and were shattered. We poor women are like these same finger-glasses—full of fresh and pure water for you men to dip your soiled fingers into and cleanse them, not for you to convert into bumpers to break for a wager."—The Gaverocks.

You are not at all stupid, my dear Sydney, yet you betray continually man's inevitable coarseness of comprehension where women are concerned. You believe that one set of feelings exists which is the unique and universal possession of our sex, and that these are either perfect or perverted. You never realize that there are women and women, and if one swerves from the conventional, ideal type you must paint her as a monster. Your adored Thackeray knew no medium between Becky Sharp and Amelia. * * * The woman of the world may be heartless—does she ever harass a man like one of the tender beings who are all heart? She recognizes the difference between masculine and feminine nature. Her husband has his diversions, into which she can not enter, and prudently refrains from inquiring. The angelic wife weeps if the beloved object does not give a strict account of every moment spent out of her presence. The woman of the world is tolerant, good-tempered, philosophical. The deity of the hearth is meek, bitter, unreasonable. The one accepts life and you as she finds both. The other has never been at home on this unregenerate earth and offers herself up a living sacrifice to her predilections, with a perpetual reminder of the fact to your unworthy self. If I were a man I would rather be cheated by Becky than adored by Amelia. It was such clever, good-humored cheating and such pensive, uncomfortable adoration.—A Game of Chance.

Which is the superior of the two—the woman or the man? In brute strength we have the advantage, but in intellect she is probably our equal, if only we will give her fair play. And in purity, in tenderness, in long-suffering, in fidelity, in all the Christian virtues, which is the superior in these things? O man! whoever you are, think of your mother and your sisters; think of the eyes that first looked love upon you and the heart that dreams it still; think of her who nursed you in sickness, of her who stood by you in trouble when all others would have none of you, and then answer. Woman, divinest of God's creatures, golden vessel turned to common uses, sweet star made to serve as the drunkard's lamp and the profligate's plaything; yes, plucked from your native skies to be worn alike by the fool, the knave and the self-seeker, and yet faithful to them all; to be trod into the dirt by the heartless brute, and jeered at by the heartless cynic—how immeasurable is the injustice, how vast the wrong that has been and is daily being heaped upon you! How much we hear of woman's duty to man, how little of man's duty to woman! How hard we are upon your sins and weakness; how tender you are to ours!—The Witch's Head.

"I understand you are to have a big agricultural fair up your way."
"Yes; or rather we did intend having one, but we've been disappointed."
"Disappointed? In what way?"
"Why, you see we got the race course all laid out, and the base-ball field fixed up nice and handy, and every thing was getting along splendidly, when we found that we had no room for go-as-you-please pedestrian races." "You don't say so!" "Yes; and that isn't the worst of it. There's a lot of old fossils who want to exhibit cattle, vegetables and all that sort o' stuff."—Boston Transcript.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

Bees Take Possession of a Confectionery in a Maine City.

I witnessed a strange sight in Portland last summer, not exactly the traditional bull in a China shop," but bees in a confectioner's. Passing down Congress street, my attention was attracted to the show window of West & Calderwood's confectionery, which was thronged with bees busily engaged (as we have been led to believe from childhood they always are busy) upon the lumps of sugar and candy there displayed; covering themselves with the sweets in the expectation of conveying the golden harvest which they had discovered to their hive. "Mighty good ad," I remarked to the proprietor, stepping inside to investigate further. "Yes, better than we desire. They have taken possession of the establishment, and are running things in the back shop at a high old rate. Look here!"

Throwing open the door as he spoke, what was my astonishment to see the place literally full of the little sweet-seekers. They were everywhere. Not a square inch of space where lingered any atoms of the sweets manufactured there but was covered by them. The utensils used in the act came in for especial favor. Pots, pans and ladles could not be distinguished as such, but presented the appearance of a struggling, swaying brown mass, while the noise they made was enough to warn us that retreat was the best move we could make. Those in the outside shop were but skirmishers from the army within, yet they served to make things very lively for the proprietors, who were at a loss how to proceed.

Very cautiously I moved about, giving to the bees all the room they desired, for, after loading themselves with all they could carry, in their endeavor to reach the outside and start for the hive with their treasure they would dart back and forth in the shop in search of the exit in a way quite too suggestive of stings. So, leaving the shopmen to get rid of the enemy as best they could, I strolled up street, and mentioning the occurrence in conversation with another of our prominent confectioners, he said:

"It is not at all an uncommon thing for us to be troubled with bees—though a whole swarm seldom makes a descent upon a place at once; but let the straggler get home to the hive with a load of sweets, and back he will come bringing some of his fellows with him, to be increased each trip until the place is swarmed with them. Then the only thing to be done is to close doors and windows and fight them to the death. We have to keep an eye open for bees, and if we see a straggler, kill him on the spot before he gets a chance to tell his sisters, his cousins and his aunts that he's found a bonanza."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

—The man who wanted to borrow a hundred dollars on his cheek didn't think the matter worthy of note, but the other fellow did.—Duluth Paraphraser.

CITY MILLS,

SEDALIA, MISSOURI,

NEESON & JENKS,

Proprietors,

MERCHANT MILLERS.

Good Luck, Sedalia Straight, Family Ship Stuff, Bran, Feed and Corn Meal.
Cash paid for wheat.
Office at the mill, corner Lamine and Railroad track. 11-29dwt

STILL IN THE FRONT!

Every Effort of the Past Out-done!

Everything to Please the People found at Our Store this Season.

Come and see our Albums, Plush Sets, Manicures, Books, Novelties and Fancy Goods of all descriptions. We are here to please the people.

The following Christmas numbers of the London illustrated papers just received: Pictorial World, London Graphic, London Art Annual, London Holy Leaves, London Yule Tide.

FELLOWS & EASTEY,

208 Ohio St.

208 Ohio St.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Sciatica,	Scatches,	Contracted
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Muscles,
Rheumatism,	Strains,	Eruptions,
Burns,	Stitches,	Hoof Ail,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Screw
Stings,	Backache,	Worms,
Bites,	Galls,	Swiney,
Bruises,	Sores,	Saddle Galls,
Bunions,	Spavin,	Piles,
Corns,	Cracks,	Caked Breasts.

For MAN or BEAST, Rub it in VIGOROUSLY!!

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Otis Lewis (now more than nine months dead), and while a single man, by his certain deed of trust, dated April 18th, 1885, and recorded in the recorder's office, at Sedalia, in Pettis county, Missouri, in book 38, at page 348, conveyed to the undersigned, as trustee, the following described land, situated in Pettis county, Missouri, to-wit: All of his undivided one-fourth interest in the following lands, to-wit: The south half of the northwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, all in section No. four, in township No. forty-three, and range No. twenty-three, to secure the payment of his certain note, in said deed of trust described; and, whereas, the circuit court in and for said Pettis county, in the State of Missouri, in a proceeding to partition the whole of the land above described among the parties in interest, the said Otis Lewis having died, pending such partition proceeding, and Lydia Lewis, his widow, and Otis L. Lewis, his only child and heir at law, having been made parties, and all the parties to the aforesaid deed of trust having been made parties to said proceeding in partition, did, at the January term, 1887, of said court make and enter its decree for the partition, in kind, of the whole of the above described land, among the parties in interest, subject to the lien of the above mentioned deed of trust upon the interest of the said Otis Lewis in said land and did appoint Thos. G. Carter, Frank Hutchinson, and Charles F. Davis, commissioners to make partition of the whole of said land, and whereas said commissioners did make partition of the whole of said land, and made and filed a report of their acts as such commissioners to said Pettis county circuit court at its May term 1887, and in said partition, as shown by said report of said commissioners, set apart and conveyed to said Lydia Lewis, widow, and Otis L. Lewis, only child, and sole heir at law of said Otis Lewis, subject to the lien of said deed of trust, the following described land, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section No. four, in township No. forty-three, and range No. twenty-three, in Pettis county, Missouri; which report was, at the September term, 1887, of the said Pettis county circuit court, approved, and said decree made final, and, whereas, the note secured by said deed of trust, with all interest accrued thereon is due and unpaid. Now, therefore, I, the undersigned trustee, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in accordance with the conditions of said deed of trust, will on

SATURDAY, THE 7th DAY OF JANUARY, 1888,

at the Court house door in the City of Sedalia, County of Pettis, and State of Missouri, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. of said day, proceed to sell to the highest bidder for cash at public auction, the land last above mentioned, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section four, township forty-three, and range twenty-three of Pettis county, Missouri, for the purpose of discharging said debt and interest, and executing said trust.

JAS. P. ALLEN, Trustee.